Glasgow. Scotland.
July 3. 1895.

Dear Grace,—

Many has been the time all the home people have appeared to me and often since I last wrote you I have felt ashamed for making your letter an excuse for sending mother some information which she wrote me she so much desired.

But all is well now I trust and only wish you could all go with me up among the hills and lakes about northern Scotland.

My opportunities have been far beyond anything I had ever dreamed.-

For you to know that all has opened itself to me here, - that is good and wholesome; - both in a social and medical line, is the whole in a nutshell.

The social settlement work in some of its features is quite fine, but does not meet our demands at all, for we have foreigners to deal with, - here are only Irish, English and Scotch, who are easily disciplined and who are made, to respect authority.-

However the several methods of work which I have observed will help me at home I am sure, but we at home must begin with the children, a great mistake here in Scotland is that the Children are regarded as growing seeds, but are not treated cautiously, until the seeds commence to fly as a dandelion. Then they are made the material for the Christian social workers. However there are some grand exceptions in the Fresh Air Fortnight work, where are homes provided in the country and on the

coast, where city children are treated kindly and taught gentleness and cleanliness for two long weeks.

I was invited to attend the opening of one of these Homes at Maybole, near Ayr, Burns Home, - on Saturday. Lord Ardrossan made the speech, a grand idea for a man so wealthy he is unable to spend his interest, to endow an enterprise like this. But what was to me the most interesting was my chat with about a dozen little city children on the play grounds in the rear of

the fine structure. They seemed delighted to have me go among them and to see them look at my black felt hat and brown face and hands was a caution. Then I talked with them a little and said Ta, Ta!! as near like a Scotchman as possible. But on top of this, last Sat. one of those boys came up to me on a crowded thoroughfare in Glasgow and shake hands with me and said he had not forgotten what I told 'Em at Maybole. and the next day, Sunday, at the great gathering for Children at Kent Hall, a little girl

did the same. These two incidents warmed my heart for those little waifs.

You know, they are ordinarily cast aside by a "well dressed" "gentleman", but I was pleased to shake hands with them & they with me.

I am in no way sorry I am without a traveling companion, for my entrance to many a good thing has been for me a success. I have done so much medical work in the Hospitals &c here, I am planning to have a rest sightseeing. But it has all been restful and intensely interesting.

I do hope Arguinette passed her examination yesterday. Don't ask her, for if she did not, it would break her up, to have you know of her failure.

I can not forget your Tea & your mother & fathes there bright cool days. Only you have ice cream and we don't, and you have lemonade & we have a something called Lemonade but made from Spanish limes, its not good at all for a yankee. But the water is good enough for me & the Tea is better. My Tee Toothe principals

astonish some people here, so I am known as a Yankee:— "T. T. T.", the last T is because I do not draw the pipe.—

But I am happy & well, getting as brown as Hiawatha. My kind regards to you all.— Let Leicester read my letters if you like and tell him I to write his old Indian once in a while.—

Always address me at London.—

Yours Sincerely.

Clarence E. Hemingway.

Mrs Grace E. Hall.
#439 North Oak Park Ave,
Oak Park,
Ill.
U.S.A.

NEW YORK
JUL
13
PAID
D
95
ALL
F